Vol. CXLIV. No. 1868.

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THE BYSTANDER October 4, 1939

The BYSTANDER

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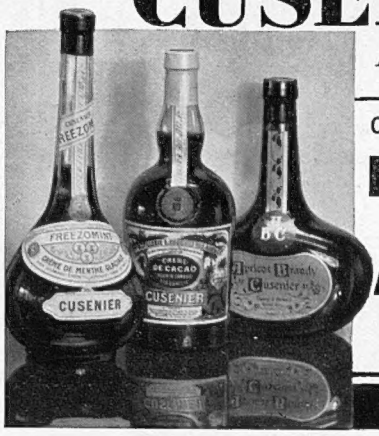

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No. 1868. Vol. CXLIV.

The Bystander

Anthony

The Hon. Pamela Digby Is Engaged

Last Tuesday it was announced that Randolph Churchill and Pamela Digby were engaged and would shortly be married. He is the only son of the First Lord of the Admiralty and Mrs. Winston Churchill, is twenty-eight, has fought three unsuccessful elections (Wavertree, 1935; West Toxteth, 1935; Ross and Cromarty, 1936), and has worked as a journalist. She is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Digby, is nineteen this year, came out last year after finishing her Paris schooling and domestic science course, is a good rider and likes hunting and racing, as becomes the daughter of her father, who is a great authority on horses—hunting, breeding, showing. Her sister Sheila was a 1939 debutante. The Digbys live at Minterne, in Dorset

Problem Picture—Fake or Genuine?

"Hitler watches his troops cross a bridge in Poland" and respectfully salutes them, but the troops seem strangely unmoved by their Führer's presence. They march past at ease, with rifles slung, not a head turned towards him as he stands, a little larger than life, on the bank. On the other hand, his shadow falls convincingly towards the soldiers, and other shadows suggest the presence of his staff. Readers may judge for themselves whether the photograph originated in one camera, or two cameras and a montage studio

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE Budget means one thing for certain, and it is a thing which all of us have instinctively felt ever since the third of September, 1939. It is this. The standard of living which we have known for the last twenty years will not come back to us for another twenty years, if it even comes then. Let us face it. The old life is finished. What we have to look forward to is a different life, and we must adjust ourselves to it as best we can.

THE great question now is, "What about the Western Front?" My own feeling is that the answer to that question is likely to be a matter of psychology. It is generally admitted now that the recklessness with which the German motorised columns rushed into Poland, leaving their communications open behind them, was due to the overruling of the German General Staff by Hitler himself. And once again he has had the laugh. Now this new strategist will be arriving in the West, where he will find three possible courses of action. First, a defensive war: Hitler, the lightning war "expert" of the East, is not the man for that. Secondly, a head-on assault on the Maginot Line, with enormous casualties and very little chance of success: again he is not the man for that. What, then, remains? The old German traditional plan of swinging through the Low Countries. And that, for a week or two, would suit excellently the psychology of the Führer.

IF Hitler does launch his attack on the right, it will not be the limited invasion of Belgium which von Moltke carried out in 1914. There is nothing limited about Hitler's grandiose ideas. If the attack does come, it will embrace the whole of the famous Schlieffen plan, in which the extreme right flank was to start at Crefeld, go through Holland and Belgium, and march and march until they had crossed the Seine at Rouen, and could then turn eastwards on the French armies. This seems to me the only solution of Germany's difficulties, and, of course, it will not be a solution.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL made the first fighting speech that any of our public men have made since the war started, and the House of Commons rose at him, as they say in the theatre. Whatever may be happening elsewhere, one thing is certain: the strategy and tactics of the Navy are being conducted with vision, knowledge, and enormous energy. The convoy system, both inward and outward, is already in action; contraband control is already complete; in a very short time the whole of the Mercantile Marine will be armed; and by the end of October the anti-submarine forces will be three times as strong as they were on September 3rd. But it was not only these extraordinary achievements that roused the House to such enthusiasm; it was the superb fighting spirit and confidence which the First Lord succeeded, in his own inimitable style, in "getting across."

A NEUTRAL observer, who has just come back from a visit to North Italy, described to a friend of mine the violence with which the North Italian detests Germany and the Germans. In one stretch of 150 kilometres of road he counted eleven German motor-cars lying burnt out at the side of the road. Apparently whenever they get a chance, the Italians like to put a match to a German car.

ALL America is now at grips with the embargo repeal. The latest canvassing among members of the Senate showed 44 in favour of repeal, 20 against, and 32 either neutral or concealing their intentions. Two powerful opponents are Father Coughlin, the radio-priest, and William Randolph Hearst, the big newspaper proprietor. Senator Borah, of course, is leading the no-repealers in the Senate itself, and all the stout veteran isolationists are rallying behind him.

EVERYONE is agreed that the mechanical side of evacuation was a masterpiece of organisation. Now, however, the human side must be dealt with if a serious and far-reaching cleavage is not to be brought about between Town and Country. There is

(*Concluded on page 4*)

Refugee Ambassador—Mr. Biddle in Paris

H.E. Anthony Biddle, the United States Ambassador in Warsaw, and Mrs. Biddle were welcomed by their friend "Bill" Bullitt (right), U.S. Ambassador in Paris, when they arrived there on their flight from the crushed State. Nazis had grouped these two youthful and lively Ambassadors in their Press pillory the day before, saying: "The twaddle which Biddle has been dishing out to the American public since September 1st has only been beaten by the obvious swindling of his boon-companion, the half-Jew Bullitt." This referred to Biddle's protests against German bombing of Polish open towns

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Deputy Chief Scout

Lord Somers, Deputy Chief Scout, went to the House of Lords in uniform last Wednesday, thereby taking his own advice to Scouts to wear their uniforms during the war. He has held his post — no light one — since 1936, was in charge of the last great Scout meeting before the war — the World Rover Movement in Scotland in July

Commandant of Cooks

The Countess of Coventry is Commandant of the A.T.S. Cooks, the women's branch of the Army School of Cookery. She had just been inspecting some of her trainees. She is the eldest daughter of the late Lord Kylsant, married Lord Coventry (who succeeded his grandfather nine years ago) in 1921; they have one son and three daughters. Their home is Croome Court, Worcestershire

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 2)

unquestionably a lot of discontent among all types of people concerned, and there are a number of legitimate complaints. For one thing, it seems that very little was done in the preliminary survey to see that the evacuees and the billetees should be drawn from, roughly, the same type. Timid, elderly, spinster ladies should not, for example, be given half-a-dozen small rowdies from a slum area.

THEN there are many cases in which the parents of evacuees could well afford to pay for their upkeep. It must be annoying for a hard-working woman, who is trying to do her best for the children on 8s. 6d. per head, when the parents arrive in a motor-car to visit them. And surely the towns where the children normally live ought to pay for the public services in the towns where the children have gone to. There are enormous urban areas to-day where the rates have been almost entirely relieved of the cost of education, and other towns where the cost has suddenly been doubled.

AND there is one other aspect of evacuation that must be tackled promptly, and that is the drift back to the towns. In effect, there are a lot of mothers who are saying "We 'd sooner take the risk of our children being torn to pieces by bombs than lose the amenities of a town-life to which we are accustomed." When the first bomb falls they will be the first to scream for re-evacuation, and it will be a difficult matter to fix up an impromptu scheme for these individual units scattered here and there, quite apart from the double cost to the nation. And, of course, the children who have been sent back to the towns have nothing to do, and get no education, because the schools are all shut.

Concert-Party Star

It 's Beatrice Lillie's silver jubilee this month; she celebrates it by singing to soldiers as one of the most glittering, witty, popular of Ensa stars. In October 1914 she made her stage debut at the Alhambra in "Not Likely"; war-time revues made her name. Now she 's looking for new songs, went to a Bond Street shop to find them, gave "Beer Barrel Polka" her consideration

THE fish scheme came down with a beautiful thud, and to judge from what one fishmonger told me, I am not surprised. He had to get up in the morning at four o'clock and drive down to Watford, of all places, and register at some bureau or other, and then he had to go another three miles out of Watford to the new market. Then some mammoth brain noticed that there was likely to be petrol rationing, and that whereas the fish might get to Watford, the fishmongers certainly wouldn't. And as for the state of some of the fish when the boxes were opened, my friend's language was picturesque, and I will not, therefore, venture to repeat it.

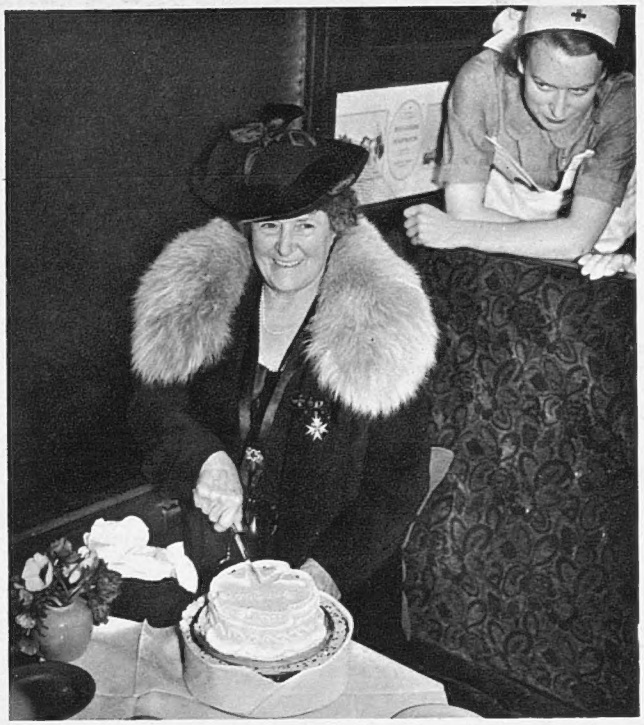
IT is high time, surely, that the Anti-Profiteering Bill was introduced into the House of Commons. There is already a considerable amount of irritation among all parties in the House at the delay, and prices are creeping up. I have already come across one glaring case in my own profession. The paper which I use for typing has gone up from 2s. 6d. to 2s. 11d. a ream. This is an increase, it seems to me, of 16⅔ per cent., which seems a good deal. An expert in these matters has worked out that the six per cent. premium on compulsory war insurance of stocks might represent an addition to costs as low as three-quarters per cent., if stocks are turned over four times in the year, and even if stocks were only turned over once in the year it could not represent an increase in cost of more than 3½ per cent. So 16⅔ is a bit thick.

THE Players' Theatre Club naturally had to close down when war broke out. Anyone who remembers the difficulty of getting down those narrow stairs even in peace-time will not be surprised to hear that they are not reopening in their old premises for the duration. They have, however, borrowed the Arts Theatre Club, and have started again, beginning at 8 p.m. But I doubt if they will go on for long. They are so obviously the ideal entertainment for the troops, and I hear rumours already that in a short time they may move across to France.

ALMOST remarkable man died last week almost unnoticed by the Press. Mr. Oswald Barron, the Maltravers Herald Extraordinary, was one of the greatest antiquarians—if not the greatest—of our antiquarians. His knowledge was prodigious, and he was always ready to help anyone who went to him with conundrums. A brilliant and enthusiastic conversationalist, he was also unique as a journalist. For Heaven knows how many years he contributed, in his own archaic style of writing, an article every day to the *Evening News*, signed "A Londoner."

In a Kitchen on Wheels

Lady Marion Philipps, Miss P. Y. Betts, Mrs. H. Scott Dorrien, and Mrs. G. Ramacotti were inside the first of the mobile canteens which are to be used by W.V.S. workers during air raids. These moving kitchens are presented to the W.V.S. by St. Peter's Kitchens, of which Mrs. Scott Dorrien is the founder. She handed this one over to Lady Reading, head of the W.V.S. Lady Marion Philipps is the W.V.S. canteen organiser



Christening Cake for a Train

Lady Simon, wife of Sir John Simon, christened a Red Cross and St. John Ambulance train with a bottle of champagne, naming it Bow Belle, then joined the staff of the train in a tea-party in a compartment and cut the train's christening cake

Feminine News Reel

War Work for Canadians

Mrs. Vincent Massey (left), talking to Mrs. Leonard Hancock, is organising war work for Canadian women in England. Masseuses, ambulance drivers and domestic workers are being enrolled. Mrs. Massey is the wife of the High Commissioner

Socks for Soldiers

Miss Evelyn Spilsbury, daughter of Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the Home Office pathologist, is knitting soldiers' socks to fill up her spare time until she starts more serious war work. She knows all about posing for the camera, having established a reputation as a professional photographic model

F.A.N.Y.: Chief Scout's Daughter

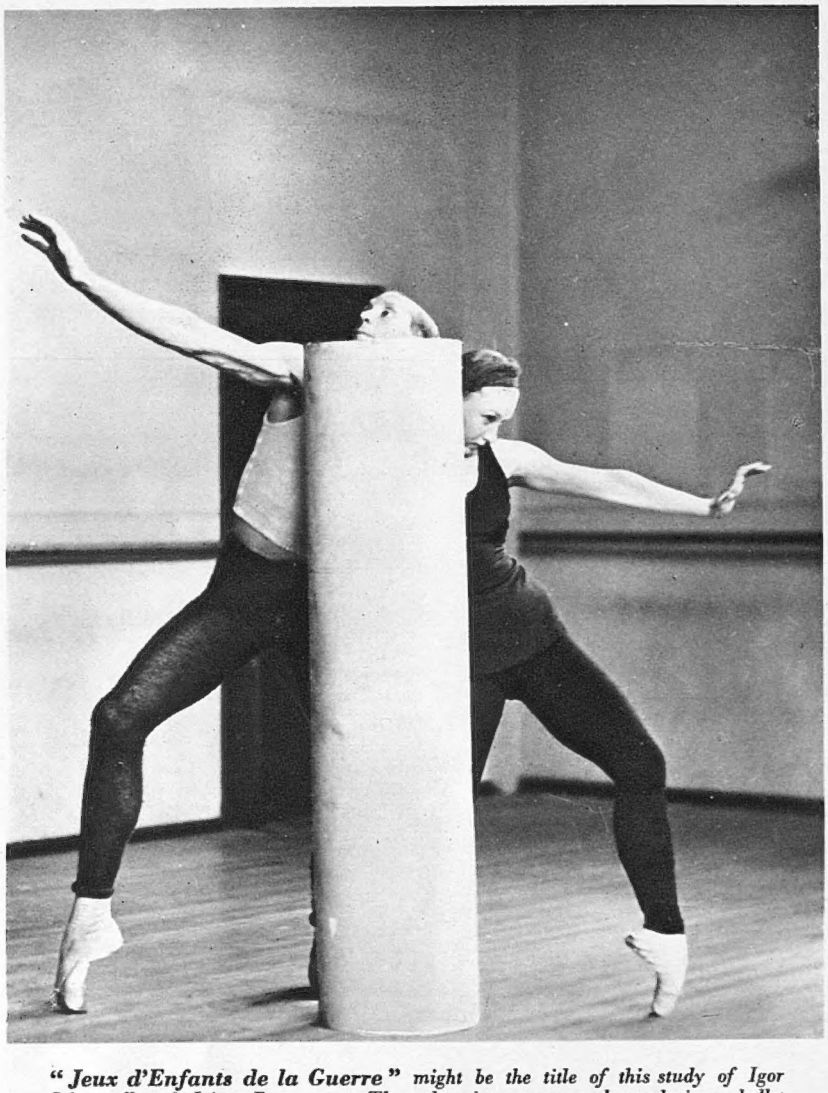
The Hon. Heather Baden-Powell, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Baden-Powell, is in the A.T.S., belonging to that elite corps of women drivers, the F.A.N.Y.s. She was watching a hockey match between her unit and an Army eleven at one of the Eastern Command depots

W.A.A.S.: Debutante Recruit

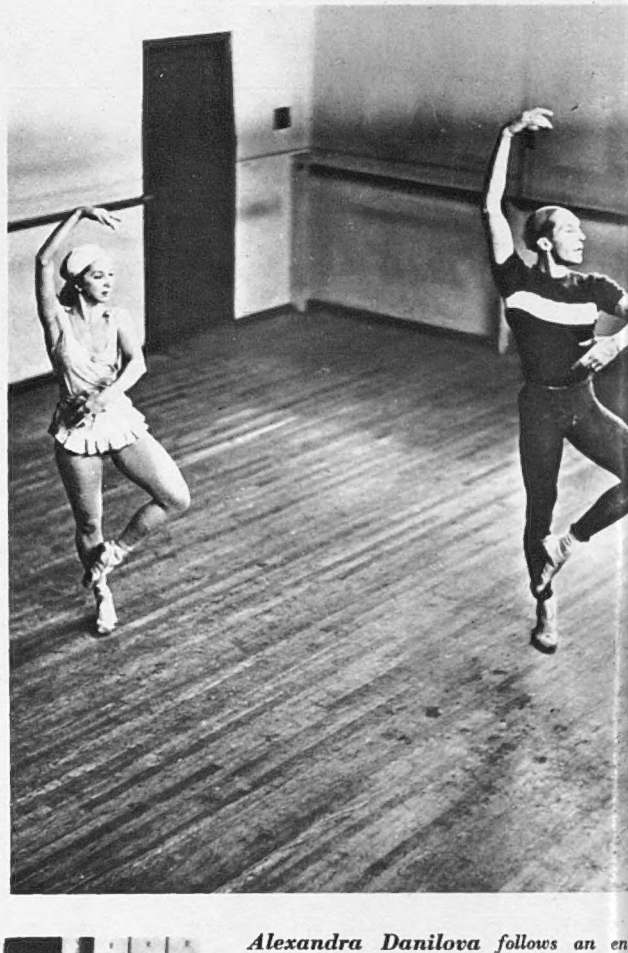
Miss Eva Buxton, who was one of last season's debutantes, has joined the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, and starts her training this week. She is the daughter of Lt.-Col. Guy Buxton, of the Home Farm, Stowle Park, Glos., and Mrs. R. C. Buxton, of Prince's Court, S.W.3. Her father commands a Gloucestershire Territorial battalion

Ballet Epilogue

Russian dancers go to class in London while they wait for a boat to America



"Jeux d'Enfants de la Guerre" might be the title of this study of Igor Schwezoff and Irina Baronova. Through crises, wars and revolutions, ballet dancers, and especially Russian ballet dancers, will find some corner to practise, take a class, talk, drink tea, re-create their own particular atmosphere. It is in Schwezoff's studio in Chelsea that some members of the scattered Russian companies have been meeting for classes during their last days in London



***Alexandra Danilova** follows an en chainement shown by Schwezoff. Some morn ings Danilova takes the class, and Schwezof (who has been teaching in London for the las two years) becomes one of her pupil*

***In the class** (left) are Frances Miller Belinda Smith (formerly Mrs. Constan Lambert), F. Solk, Nina Golovina (with d Basil two years ago, and one of the principa dancers in the recent Ballet Rambert season) Roxane Dick, in front; Jennifer Ellis Barbara Cooklin, Jacqueline Elmore, Suzett Chaise, Alison Lee, Jan Watt, in the middl row; Cyril Vassilkosky, Peter Garov, behin*

Photographs by Anthony

FIRST holidays, then the war, scattered the two Russian ballet companies—Educational and Massine's—over two continents. All dancers who can now make their way to New York, where the companies will re-form, and one of them may go to Australia. Massine is already in America; Colonel de Basil is—or was—in London, on his way to New York; Lichine, with a Canadian passport, has gone; Riabouchinska was still, last week, in Paris. Many men, among them Youskevitch, Panaieff, Skibine, have been called up by the countries whose passports they hold

Gas-mask pas de trois, *posed by Alexandra Danilova, Irina Baronova and Paul Petroff, was Baronova's own idea of a war ballet picture. She and Petroff danced this year at Covent Garden with Educational Ballets ; Danilova would have danced there last month with Massine's company but for the war. These three and Baronova's husband, "Gerry" Sevastianov, a director of Educational Ballets, leave in a day or two for New York. Other dancers going on the same boat are Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, Frederic Franklin, Borislav Ruanine*

Films of the Day

French Soldiers in the Making

By George Campbell

HOLLYWOOD has given us half-a-dozen stories about West Point and Annapolis. So far as I know, we have never done anything about Sandhurst, and the French have been just as coy about St. Cyr. Now, with *Trois de St. Cyr*, we have a sound and workmanlike picture of life at the famous academy that turns out more officers than any other in the world.

Trois de St. Cyr is not a great picture. It is not even the best picture of the week. But it is by a long shot the most interesting. The blend of democracy and discipline, of unaffected sentiment in the ceremony of the plumes and a toughness that continually surprises people who don't know anything about France and refuse to learn—all this is entirely characteristic of the French army, and, with certain qualifications, of the French people as a whole.

The backgrounds, too, have all the charm of novelty. Human nature may be essentially the same everywhere, as the philosophers tell us; but how very important the non-essentials are. Scene after scene in this production would be ludicrously wrong in a representation of Sandhurst, and yet here rings absolutely true.

PERHAPS the best feature of J. P. Paulin's direction, a little untidy when it comes to plot, is the characterisation. The young man who has worked as a salesman before going to St. Cyr, and then, by sheer ability and force of character, dominates his fellows; his clever, satirical rival, devoured by jealousy; the shy, sensitive youth who begins by hating military life, with its minute irksome regulations, and in the end dies a hero—if you know France you know them all. Fine, manly, intelligent types, all of them; not, like some of us, stupidly inclined to regard swotting as a crime; and wholly free, thank God, from Hollywood's over-emphasis of heroism and comic relief which, no doubt, causes acute embarrassment to the fellows at West Point.

When the story wanders from Touraine to Syria it is not quite so happy. The desert scenes, with the low, white forts and business-like French tanks rumbling about, and 'planes patrolling overhead, are clearly authentic enough: in fact, the film was made with the co-operation of the French army. But apart from a touch of insubordination in the jealous junior, soon cured when the hero saves his life, and the dragging in of the heroine by the hair of the head to heighten the suspense when the rebels attack, the original plot rather goes to pieces. The battle scenes, fortunately, are convincing enough to stand up without such extraneous aids.

As for the acting, the three comrades-in-arms could hardly be played better. Jean Chevrier, in particular, is a discovery—manly, handsome and talented to a degree which would be hard to parallel amongst our own actors of his age. I don't want to seem ungallant, or to add to the difficulties of the Foreign Secretary by imperilling the Entente Cordiale, but the amiable young woman who provides the love-interest seemed to me something less than devastating.

"ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER" is a new, and perhaps the most entertaining, chapter in the life of the family supposed to be typical of America. To the local school comes a glamorous young lecturer on the drama; and in no time at all Andy Hardy is washing before meals, eating badly, dressing well, and manifesting all the other symptoms of calf-love.

Thanks to the kindly humour of the writing, witty direction by W. S. Van Dyke, and an inspired performance by Mickey Rooney, this must go down as one of the funniest studies of adolescence ever filmed. Even the uproarious school play is kept just this side of slapstick; and no matter how ridiculous the infatuated youth appears, one is uneasily conscious that, allowing for differences of idiom and environment, here is oneself when young.

THE three other new pictures are all about crooners, which some will think is bringing home the horrors of war in a very sadistic manner.

Second Fiddle has Rudy Vallee, all curls, cravat and self-consciousness, together with Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power and Edna May Oliver.

In *The Star Maker* Bing Crosby, playing a producer of kiddy turns, acts as well as he sings, and is brilliantly supported by Ned Sparks as a dyspeptic child-hater ("I threw 'em all downstairs—did my heart good to hear 'em bounce!").

As for *Naughty But Nice*, it sounds appalling, but turns out to be an unexpectedly amusing trifle about an earnest professor of music (Dick Powell) who has only to swallow a cocktail to reveal a low passion for jitterbugs and oomph.

"Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever"

Mickey Rooney acts brilliantly—for those who like him—in the new Hardy film at the Empire (reviewed on this page). With him here are Ann Rutherford and Robert Kent. Also in the film, of course, is Lewis Stone, as Judge Hardy. W. S. Van Dyke is responsible for dialogue and direction. Another Hardy film, "The Hardys Ride High," is among the general releases

A CORRECTION

We very much regret that our pictures of "The Good-Natured Man" at the Buxton Theatre Festival were wrongly captioned in our issue of September 20th. The names of Robert Donat (Mr. Croaker) and Stewart Granger (Leontine) should in each case have been interchanged.

Children in the Country

The Countess of Carnarvon and a Little "Crocodile"

Tilly Losch is still hard to recognise under her new name, and now she has as well an unfamiliar job. At Highclere Castle, her husband's place at Newbury, there are twenty-seven evacuated children and several mothers to make up the new hostess's first house-party, and she spends a good deal of time looking after them. She married Lord Carnarvon just over a month ago, as his second wife. The first Lady Carnarvon divorced him in 1936, and married Geoffrey Grenfell just over a year ago

Ring-a-ring-o'-roses by the River

Noel Coward might write a new verse or two about the stately homes of England ("Operette") which are now children's homes or the offices of evacuated business firms, or, like the Duke of Norfolk's Arundel Castle and the Earl of Harewood's Yorkshire home, have been offered for hospitals. At Taplow Court, Lord and Lady Desborough's home by the Thames, London children have found themselves in a new world, with close-mown lawns as their playground

"Good Morning, Lady Astor!"

At Cliveden, Viscount and Viscountess Astor are host and hostess to a big group of under-five-year-old children and their mothers. Lady Astor (whose no-treating suggestion in the House of Commons was not given a very warm welcome) went out to see how her small guests were getting on. They lined up to greet her, but some of the salutes went astray in the direction of the camera. Note the sandals with which they have all been issued

Chickens!

It must have been too good to be true for this young Londoner to hold a real live yellow chick in her hand and have another perching on her head. She is billeted near a big Hertfordshire poultry farm, where chickens hatch out all the year round. At this, as at most mass-production farms throughout the country, land girls like the one above are being trained

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THE bulky, flushed, rococo shade of the Prince Regent, if it still haunts Brighton Pavilion, has something new to goggle at now through its ghostly quizzing-glass: namely, the conversion of its sacred private wine-cellars into an A.R.P. shelter, one of several. Twenty-five years ago the Pavilion was a hospital for Indian troops, and we guess, having noted large numbers of exotic pans on Brighton Front recently, that the Oriental atmosphere of the place will still to a large extent be preserved in an air raid, counting Aldgate as part of the Near East. The only other difference we notice as yet between the South Coast of 1914 and that of 1939 is the number of evacuated children everywhere (which might give a visitor from the Moon the erroneous impression that the Island Race has no birth-rate worries) and the spectacle of rustics in remote inland fields working with gas-masks either slung round their necks or laid close at hand, ready to be snatched up at a moment's notice. Thus does excessive zeal on the part of local fuss-pots make Agriculture look foolish, as indeed another Sussex-lover noted in *The Times* recently: commenting especially on the fact that although a Downland shepherd living miles away from anywhere may not show a chink of light between his cottage blinds without being whistled or roared at by angry wardens, the Southern Railway's electric trains flash blithely to and fro along the coast as usual, laying a trail of sparks visible for miles. We observe also a certain amount of local caprice in sandbagging. In one village the police station was padded defiantly up to the eaves, like the Bank of England, but the fine thirteenth-century stonework of the parish church was not protected at all, showing that the Southern mind esteems the torsos of its cops more highly than the art of the Middle Ages.

Here and there one can still get right away from war, as on Pevensey Marsh, still dreaming, beautiful, haunted by kindly cows under a great bowl of blue sky, and drenched in peace. Then we remembered that from this very spot, doubtless, look-outs had watched for the advance of the newly-landed Romans, and after that for the Normans, and after that for the French, intermittently from mediæval times down to Boney's day; and as we turned to go there were steel hats and khaki almost at our elbow, keeping a look-out similarly for the Blond Overmen. So nothing of this turmoil is new to the Marsh, you might say, least of all to its cows—probably the same cows which saw the Legions tramping up from the shingle. This thought gave us an odd thrill of pleasure.

Song-birds

ALTHOUGH the babies don't actually occupy the stage or auditorium, Glyndebourne has become a nursery-school. An agreeable theme, we thought, passing through the village last week, for an essayist, who could start right off with a bit of whimsy about divas squalling *Voi che sapete* and *Dove sono* being replaced by equally fractious but less massive song-birds, raising worse hell in fifty keys at once. From which—if this essayist were the fearless, manly bloke we 're thinking of—he could launch into a full-dress onslaught on the B.B.C., whose wartime musical offerings are so far, as Slogger Ernest Newman, Pont. Max., has kindly pointed out, for the most part fit only for a nation of dolts and cretins. One would imagine that every possible means of nourishing national moral, of which good music is such a powerful one, would be employed at this moment; instead of which Sir Henry Wood raises his voice in vain, asking to be allowed to re-start the Proms, even at 6 p.m.

What the old coffee-coloured Queen's Hall, with those flowery crimson lights, and Henry Wood with his buttonhole leading his storm-troops to the attack on Elgar and Wagner and Debussy, meant to many thousands of chaps in the last war, would need a few pages to describe properly. One lived on memories of it from leave to leave. It was a dear, rosy vision of civilisation and Home to cling to amid the mud and rain and lice, the shelling and the rats, the stenches and the alarms, the boredom and the despair. It meant to grown-ups what the banjo in Kipling's verse means to the sahib in exile. In our day only a small percentage of the populace could hope to listen to a Queen's Hall concert, whereas to-day it is broadcast to millions. It 's our considered view (for what it 's worth—but keep it under your hat) that the official ass responsible for denying everybody such a tonic solace should be kicked severely in the trousers by Wagner's boy-friend Siegfried in person, wearing those big brassy jackboots he wears for his celebrated Journey to the Rhine.

Clash

ALREADY, we perceive, Caste is at issue in our midst with what, for want of a better word, is called Democracy. A chap we know who went into one of the leading Service clubs in the uniform of a Territorial private the other day—his own club being the Athenæum, to which this particular Service establishment was giving temporary hospitality, as it is called—nearly caused a riot. The assembled brass-hats couldn't do anything to him, having once got the

So far the people I've met in this war, as correspondent

The Reminiscent Veteran, who has brought his gas-mask but forgotten his teeth. ("By gad, I remember a night at Arras . . .")

The Hero. ("Ridiculous, of course, but I suppose one must set an example to the women . . .")

The A.R.P. lad, with tin hat at rakish angle, full of War Office secrets he may not reveal

The Gallant, determined that in time of danger no pretty girl shall look for comfort in vain

Secretary to challenge his perfect right to be there, but if looks of fury were lethal he 'd have been stretched on the smoking-room carpet, a lifeless corse. The same thing has been happening in smart restaurants, in one of which, according to a gossip-boy, a youthful subaltern the other evening ordered the head waiter to tell two privates dining at another table to leave. The head waiter refused. Whether he 'd have refused if the privates hadn't been old clients and wealthy lawyers we couldn't say. Anyway, Democracy won again, and so far as one can judge Caste will be taking a few more socks on the jaw before this war is very old ; as it did before.

The situation is typically British and absurd, in that the twentieth-century Army, up to the day before yesterday, still stood on the eighteenth-century convention that officers are of different flesh-and-blood from the scum they lead. Hence the late humiliating punishments (flogging was abolished only in the 1880's) and the now-obsolete social distinctions. The argument that discipline still depends on these latter things is sheer poohbah, since French military discipline, at least as severe as our own, has discarded *snobisme* to such an extent that the other day a French captain addressed his men as "Messieurs." We 're sorry for the brass-hats, but they 'll really have to realise that the Army no longer belongs to them.

Wallah

It 's a bit early to judge yet whether the Base-Wallah is in for as good a time as formerly. That savage and hilarious short story by C. E. Montague called *Honours Easy* (which you ought to look up) depicts the superior Base-Wallah of 1914-18 in all his glory, calm, cool, elegant, displayed, and regardant, loftily collecting multi-coloured ribbons and scorning the combatant world. The inferior Base-Wallah collected no ribbons but, in compensation, got first pick of publicly-subscribed home-comforts, such as knitted wear and cigarettes, before they went up the Line to the fighting men. Those devoted women who have already begun slaving away for the troops again might remember this. A neat motto or device such as "Mizpah," or "Business as Usual," worked into their finest knitting, would be much appreciated by the recipients, who take (or took) great care of their plump and rosy torsos.

The Base may not be quite so comfortable in this war. It sticks in our mind that the post of Railway Transport Officer, above all, may no longer be the thing it was. Loathed by one and all, the average R.T.O. in the last war swaggered like a Junker about his little kingdom, often arrayed in prismatic hues which would have earned him a justified court-martial anywhere else. It may be that Nazi bombers will devote more attention to him than their predecessors did. Anything that took an R.T.O. down a peg or two was welcome in our time. Generally it turned out to be the Australians, whose poised and nonchalant attitude towards the Military Machine may yet divert and solace this generation as it did their fathers.

Dump

Except that it 's almost unreadable, the kind of propaganda we 've been dropping on the Germans should have a great effect, if any German ever has time to wade through it ; which, with the Gestapo ever at his elbow, is doubtful. You 'd have thought half a dozen or so brief, pungent sentences in bold type, each hitting the solar plexus, would be just the thing for a man to snatch up, digest at a glance, and throw away ; instead of which we give him a nice long reasoned sober leading article, stressing, incidentally, quite a number of things to which no German attaches any importance whatsoever—for example, the fact that Hitler has betrayed Mr. Chamberlain. No wonder America is standing aghast at our methods, and that Nazi propaganda is scooping the world. Probably, being prepared in nearly every other way, we had to have a good old traditional mess somewhere. We 've certainly had it, so far, in the Ministry of Information, which has only just co-opted Lord Camrose, a journalist, to tell the boosky boys what 's what. Otherwise, a chap tells us who knows the joint, it might have gone on for ever like Saturday night at the P.E.N. Club, chaotic but not interesting.

If we must have writin' wallahs (say the brass-hats in effect), then for God's sake let 's have comparatively decent writin' wallahs, not those penny-a-line so-and-so's in Fleet Street. As a result, the place is flooded with incompetent booksy boys.

Purler

It was just like that wicked old Hammersmith longshoreman, Gaffer A. P. Herbert, M.P., to remind fans of Dr. Buchman in *The Times* the other day of the Doctor's solemn cry a little time ago : "Thank God for Hitler, who will stand against the Antichrist of Communism ! " (Also, the Doctor might have added, for Slogger Himmler, benevolent Chief of the Gestapo and one of Buchmanism's leading adepts.) On the other hand, so many pundits and soothsayers, spiritists and astrologers, have taken a toss over recent events that the Buchmanites may lick their wounds in good company, knowing anyhow that before long the pundits will all be bobbing up again, fresh and unperturbed. Nothing keeps those boys down long. On the same day that Gaffer Herbert got in his crack at the head bonze of Buchmanism, Gaffer Shaw was proclaiming on the same page that Great Britain should be giving three cheers for Stalin—Stalin, in Gaffer Shaw's considered opinion, having simply used Hitler as a catspaw and forced him to disgorge half his Polish booty. Next week the Gaffer, with his sneers at gallant Poland, may be down the drain with all the other warlocks, unhonoured and unstuck, who knows ? War, as General Boulanger truly said, is a chancy thing (*une chose aléatoire*).

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

the Air Raid Front, fall into well-defined types

he Quiet Old Lady, full of memories other raids, which she tactfully keeps to herself

The Hysterical, who has forgotten her gas-mask and whimpers miserably (fortunately rare)

The Glamour Girl, contriving at any hour of the night to look as if waiting for the director to cry "Camera !"

And, lastly, the Girl-Who-Stays-in-Bed, because to appear with uncurled hair and a cream-smeared face would be a fate worse than death

"The Story of Old Bill, 1914-1918"

No. 2. By Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

In my first instalment of this story, I did what I could to explain briefly how Old Bill emerged from a fog of trench inspiration, and became in time a clearly defined character.

Once he had become a definite figure in my sketches, I automatically found it necessary for him to be supported by two satellites. Bert and Alf thus came into being, and I found that this triangle covered most of the situations to be found in war life. The three characters, though bosom friends, were very dissimilar: Old Bill, the morose, solid, but dull thinker, with unconscious humour; Bert, the devil-may-care, light-hearted soldier, with extensive amorous activities when out of the line; and Alf, a plaintive little misogynist. All three were bound closely together in friendship by the bonds of common suffering, danger, distance from home, and duty.

To this trio, the Great War passed in a very local manner. They scarcely, if ever, knew what it was all about, and cared less. Bigger and higher brains than theirs had decreed a necessary war, and after that it was obviously an unshakeable duty to carry on with it. The war area became acutely familiar to them as the years passed. They knew instinctively where and when it was safe or dangerous, and better still, knew how to do the best for themselves under all conditions.

The creation of this trio took me considerable time, as, in order to extract the many-sided humours of the war, it was not always possible merely to depict the adventures of Bill, Bert, and Alf. There were other strata of the titanic affair which had to be examined for possible jocular nuggets.

Wherever my pencil wandered, however, it was impossible to leave Old Bill aside for long. He was essential to the portrayal of most front-line situations, and ever and anon I would return to depicting the old sea-lion as he wallowed and groused in the ooze of his noisome trench, or lurked in mouldy shattered farms and barns within comfortable shelling range of the gentlemen across the way.

As time went on, Old Bill became increasingly established as a character, but it was one drawing more than any other that elevated him to world fame, and that was the one entitled "If yer knows of a better 'ole, go to it."

There were several sketches that ran it close, but for some reason or other, the "Better 'Ole" drawing shone out above them all. I clearly remember drawing it, and I also clearly remember that I did not consider it any better or worse than the other sketches I had been doing.

How I got the idea for the sketch forms a very simple little story, and here it is. I had been running about in a most expensive and objectionable battle, and, as is frequently the case with battles, considerable chaos prevailed. What had started as a clearly defined idea, had developed into a noisy and dangerous mess, in which a mere humble participant like myself found it hard to decide where all the shells were coming from, where the enemy was, and who was winning. No doubt the action was quite clear to the management, with their maps and plans, but to people like Old Bill, it simply meant being enveloped by an extensive range in flying ironmongery, and finding very inadequate cover to cope with the situation.

In crossing some ground that was as full of holes as a slice of Gruyere cheese, I saw a group of soldiers sheltering in one of them and somehow the sight made me smile. It seemed so pathetic yet ridiculous. I wondered for a long time how I could "put over" what I felt about it all in a sketch, and nursed the idea for a considerable period before turning it into picture form.

At last I felt that merely to show two men in the shell-hole together was the way to do it: two men marooned in a sea of devastation and danger. Old Bill and Bert, with Bert rather wondering whether the poor refuge could not be improved upon, and Old Bill reproving him with the words "Well, if yer knows of a better 'ole, go to it."

"Well, if yer knows of a better 'ole, go to it"

This most famous of "Old Bill" drawings appeared in the "Bystander" Nov. 24, 1915

This drawing and this phrase have been indelibly associated with Old Bill ever since, and I cannot remember how many times that picture has been alluded to, or parodied, both here and in America. I have on innumerable occasions during my travels seen reproductions of this sketch in newspapers. Adaptations of the situation depicted in the original drawing, have been used over and over again, generally to illustrate some political impasse or predicament.

The words "The Better 'Ole" have been applied as a name to many diverse institutions. I have seen several restaurants, roadhouses and cafés bearing this name, both over here and in America and Canada.

The original drawing was purchased by a general in the War Office, and a very large copy of the picture now hangs in the War Museum at Ypres, with the title written beneath in French: "Mon vieux, si tu connais un meilleur trou, vas-y!"

As I continued making my sketches in all sorts of places during the war, and in intervals of my military work, I never for a moment realised that Old Bill could go further than show his adventures on paper. Yet, unknown to me, he was shortly destined to appear in the world of the theatre as a living entity.

The curious and complex story of how Old Bill came to life in the play called *The Better 'Ole*, and how that show became a phenomenal success all over the world, both in stage and film form, I will reserve for my next, and final, instalment.

Enter "Young" Bill

This week's "Old Bill" drawing by Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather introduces no less a person than "Young Bill," a true son of his father. In the weeks to come Bill Senior at home and Bill Junior abroad ("somewhere in France") will continue to share the honours as "War-Lords of Laughter" on their respective fronts

"Old Bill" on the Home Front: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, we're all in it together now, son. While you're over there goin' over the top, yer mother and I are back 'ere goin' under the bottom"

Max Reinhardt Trains a New Generation of Actors

The great European director, turned out of his country, takes his talents to America to create a new "world stage"

Dr. Max Reinhardt, *once an ornament of the middle-European stage, is one of many such ornaments lost to Germany and Austria by the rise of Hitlerism. Fleeing conditions in Berlin, Vienna, and Salzburg that were stifling to his art, Reinhardt picked the New World for its further development. There he has found a rich supply of young, aspiring, untrained talent. Working on this material in his stage school, the great director hopes to further the creation of what he calls a "world theatre" — that is, a theatre which will carry on and develop the best histrionic traditions of mankind*

The Reinhardt Workshop *is at No. 5939, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, and Reinhardt's backers have thus picked one of the world's finest positions to attract young acting aspirants. As you see, the building is gracefully magnificent and the great man's name is played up to its full. One Hollywood star who will have been delighted by this venture is Luise Rainer, compatriot and ex-pupil of Reinhardt*

Make-up, *important for the stage, very important for the screen, and extremely important for television, is carefully taught at the Reinhardt Workshop.. On the right, Alaine Brandes, all-round student who appears throughout this feature, gets her lips painted by a fellow-student*

Auditions *are given by Reinhardt himself, aided in this, as in many other departments of the school, by his wife and one-time pupil, then star, Helene Thimig Reinhardt. She sits on his right listening to Alaine Brandes; on his left is Charles F. Lindley; behind is acting instructor Rudolf Amendt*

A workshop *is set up in the Workshop, where students can learn the business of costumery, scene design and construction, all of which are demonstrated in this pose. These young people only get chez Reinhardt after careful tests, and curricula are then designed to develop their particular bents*

Informality *is almost a rule at the Reinhardt Workshop, and under its warmth Mrs. Helene Thimig Reinhardt shows at her best. Below, this former favourite of the Viennese stage sits among her young American pupils and discourses on the art they follow*

"Not so far back *in the throat," says Rudolf Amendt to Alaine Brandes, giving a lesson in timbre, articulation and diction*

[Continued overleaf]

Production of plays *is an important part of the Reinhardt curriculum, as it gives the whole organisation, from budding playwright to budding actor, the chance to show what he has learnt and what he has to learn. Here Reinhardt criticises Mary Rita Haas and Nanette Fabares on stage*

Music *and vocal production is in the hands of Wil potential Shirley Temple on the right. Another Reinha*

Max Reinhardt's Workshop (Continued)

Fencing *develops rhythm and balance, ease and grace, and so it figures large in the Reinhardt curriculum. This line-up may contain more than one star of to-morrow*

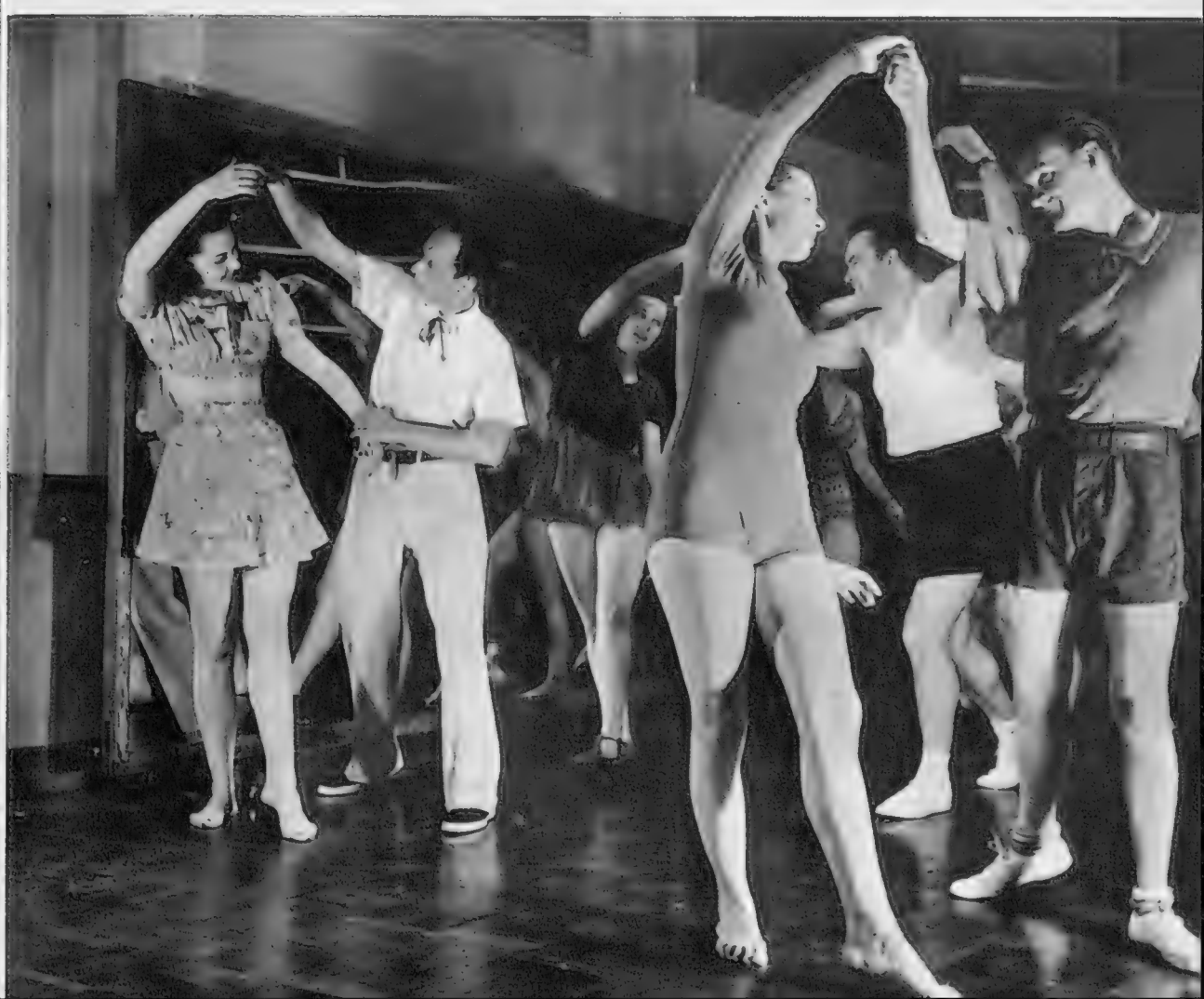
Mr. Faulkner *is in charge of the noble art*

achenheimer (at piano). Notice the
il is Rosemary Lane, sister of Priscilla

Broadcasting and recording *techniques are well looked after by the Reinhardt Workshop and an extensive equipment is installed. Here the doctor listens in a critical way to a recording made by one of his pupils*

Alaine Brandes the right grip

Dancing, *another essential in any stage-school course, is taught chez Reinhardt by Adolf Bolen, who has posed this bunch of pupils*



Harlip

Miss Bettyne Everard

Bettyne Ione Everard announced her engagement two weeks ago to Lord Newtown-Butler, elder son of the Earl and Countess of Lanesborough, of Swithland Hall, Loughborough, twenty-one on October 28th. Her parents, Sir Lindsay and Lady Everard, are neighbours, at Ratcliffe Hall, of her fiancé's parents. Sir Lindsay Everard, M.P. for Melton since 1924, was knighted in January, is a keen airman, a Commissioner of the Civil Air Guard

Bertram Park

The Lady Elizabeth Townshend

Another fortnight-old engagement is that of Lady Elizabeth Townshend and Eric Richard White. He comes from Suffolk, is the second son of Sir Robert White, Bt., and Lady White, of Boulge Hall. She is Norfolk-born, the only sister of Marquess Townshend, of Raynham Hall, and is twenty-two, seven years younger than her fiancé. Her brother married Elizabeth Luby the day before war was declared

Nine Engagements

Tunbridge

Miss Irene Mann-Thomson

Irene Mann-Thomson's engagement was announced on the same day as those of Lady Elizabeth Townshend and Bettyne Everard. She is going to marry Albert Antony Vickers, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent C. Vickers, of 38, Princes Gate, S.W.7, and brother of Countess Cawdor. She is the daughter of the late Colonel W. D. Mann-Thomson, of Scalford Hall, Melton Mowbray, and Mrs. V. Fitzgerald, of Warhams, Rudgwick, Sussex

Miss Anne Stopford

Anne Frances Joan Stopford is the daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Arthur Stopford, of Shortlands, Kent, and Mrs. Charles Craig, of Hazel Hill, Bracknell, Berks. Her fiancé is Peter Mervyn Hunt, eldest son of Vaughan Hunt, of 1, Ascot Avenue, W.5, and the late Mrs. Hunt

Catherine Bell

Miss Barbara Rochford

Barbara Rochford is engaged to John Addington, eldest son of Major the Hon. Raymond and Mrs. Addington, of Highway Manor, Calne, Wilts. His father is brother and heir-presumptive of Lord Addington. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Rochford, of Rosemount, Sunningdale, Berks

Elliott & Fry

Lenare

Miss Fiona Tatchell

Fiona Tatchell is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Tatchell, of 29, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. On September 1st her engagement was announced to the Hon. James Craig, elder twin son of Viscount and Viscountess Craigavon. His father has been Prime Minister for Northern Ireland since 1921, lives officially at Stormont Castle, has a place of his own in Co. Down—Glencraig, Craigavad

Lenare

Miss Diana Ralli

An August engagement was that of Diana Myrtle Ralli and John Herbert Walford, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Walford, of the Old House, Wolverton, Basingstoke, Hants. She is the elder daughter of Sir Strati Ralli, Bt., and Lady Ralli, of Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke, is twenty-one this year. Her father, the second baronet, is head of the family firm of East India merchants

Lenare

Miss Diana Katherine Soames

Yet another September 19th engagement was that of Diana Katherine Soames and Hugh William Cairns, only son of the late Hon. Douglas Cairns, and Lady Constance Cairns, of Carnach, Nairn, and nephew of Earl Cairns. She is the younger daughter of Captain A. Granville Soames, of Duckings, Withyham, Sussex

Tunbridge

Miss Noel Clarry

Noel Pauline Clarry is engaged to Kenneth Basil Moore. She is the second daughter of Sir Reginald and Lady Clarry, of 71, Ashley Gardens, S.W.1. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Moore, of Austerlands, Kingston Hill, Surrey. Sir Reginald Clarry is M.P. for Newport, Mon., and a well-known consulting engineer

Nursing in Chelsea

Three Attractive V.A.D.s

The Chelsea Ambulance Station has a batch of attractive young socialites working there as V.A.D.s. One of the prettiest is Mrs. Mark Pilkington. She and her husband and small son have left their flat in Dorset House and now have a house in Cheyne Walk. Mrs. Pilkington was Susan Henderson before her 1936 wedding, is the daughter of the late Hon. Alec Henderson and Lady (Murrough) Wilson

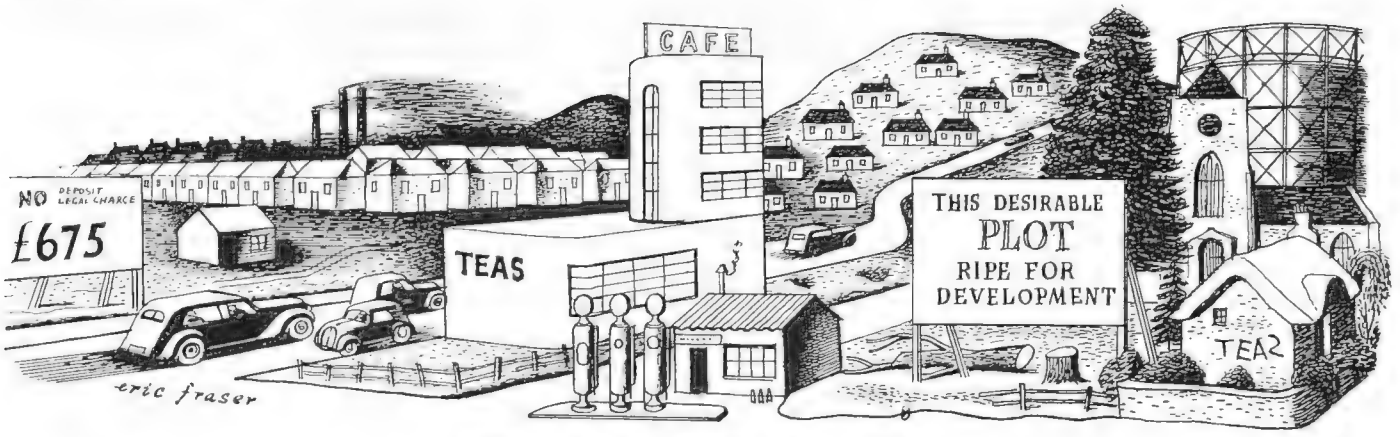
Mrs. Mark Pilkington

Miss Eileen Mooney is one of Chelsea's V.A.D. beauties. She is living at Mrs. Mark 'Pilkington's house, which is only a few minutes' walk from the Ambulance Station at the Chelsea Library. Here the staff are on duty from eight to eight six days a week; the seventh is their free day

Miss Eileen Mooney

Miss Audrey Skipwith is a Mobile V.A.D. attached to the Ambulance Station, which is housed in the children's books section of the Chelsea Library. She is the only daughter of Sir Grey Skipwith, Bt., by his first marriage, was in America when the crisis began

Miss Audrey Skipwith



Already our defences on the south coast are sensational

Safe at Last !

A Humorist turned cynic rather savagely rejoices that our by-passes and bungalows are England's surest shield against invasion

By W. H. D. McCullough

It is comforting to realise that this country is now practically secure from invasion.

For a thousand years England has been a pleasant spot. It was obviously well worth conquering and most people toyed with the idea. But things are changing rapidly. A few more beauty spots remain to be developed, a few more miles of sea coast still remain attractive, but the work of protection is now being carried on at high speed. In a few years we can relax, knowing that our country is absolutely secure. It will then be the ugliest, noisiest and most unpleasant in existence. The problem will be to persuade people to come and see us at all.

The idea of trying to invade the most thickly populated area of suburban slumland in the world will be laughable. Already our defences on the south coast are sensational. One look at the South Downs would send any enemy with a sense of beauty straight back to the glories of Europe. From Dover to Land's End there are only a dozen miles of coast that anyone could be persuaded to accept—much less to conquer. But ugliness is only our first line of defence. It must be remembered that our climate does not suit everybody. History shows that it has always been difficult to attract permanent conquerors to a climate with so few rays of sun and so many touches of lumbago. Now that the climate has been combined with high-speed mechanised development of miles of ghastly little houses stretching in never-ending line, our hopes of invasion are really negligible. It is nice to think of other nations dreaming of conquest, but it is foolish vanity. Inland there are still a few regions that are unspoilt, but these danger zones are rapidly being eliminated. Devon and Cornwall and the New Forest used to be dangerous attractions, but most of them are now ripe for development, and there are already outbreaks of building which would terrify most enemy forces.

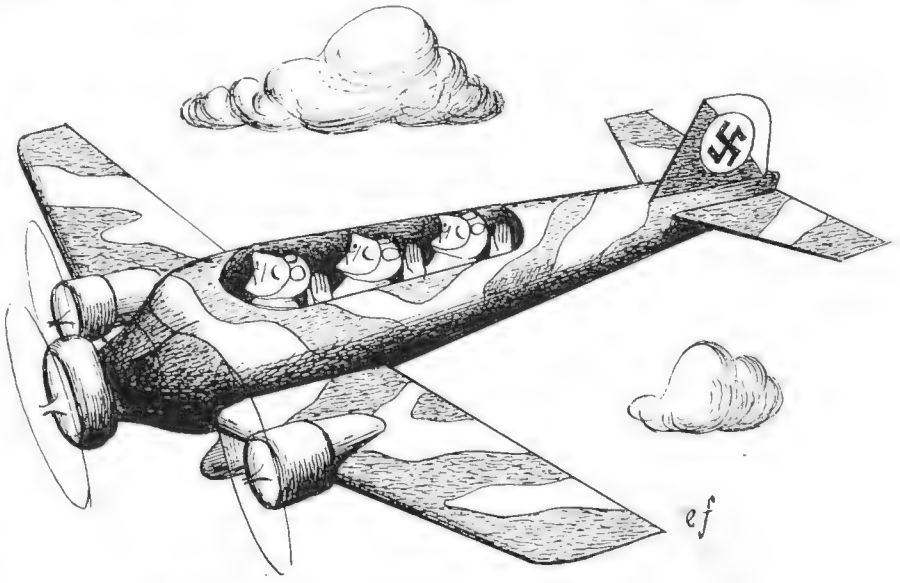
It would be impossible to pay too great a tribute to the work of the Ministry of Transport in making England safe from attack. The English road to-day is so noisy, unpleasant and deadly, and now that the small motor-car has been brought to such a state of perfection, an overwhelming attack of orange peel and paper bags can be rushed to any place that might make an appeal to enemy forces. Our by-pass roads, with their miles of tasty little palaces, crumbling on either side, are another source of strength. Few foreign countries have any conception of the defences that we have built up during recent years. In fact, a very awkward situation may easily arise if some enemy lands with an order to view after reading a description of our country a hundred years ago.

So much for our rural defences. In our towns the situation is even more satisfactory. No one in the world would attack this country in order to gain possession of places like Manchester, Leeds or Glasgow. London used to be attractive, but it is now surrounded by so many miles of bungalows that the historical centre is almost lost. There are a few pleasant old squares, but in these the buildings are rapidly being knocked down and the squares themselves turned into car parks, with such patriotic zest that it will soon be practically impossible to lure even long-suffering friends.

There are, of course, danger spots like Chester and Salisbury and many charming old villages, but these are being dealt with effectively. The villages are being razed to the ground to permit the passage of vicious, high-speed roads. Cities like Chester are being surrounded by protective blotches of building, and Salisbury, with the help of special lamp-posts, is making itself ugly and undesirable as rapidly as can be expected.

While it is pleasant to realise that all this great national work is being carried out, it would be unwise to be too optimistic. There are a number of underground organisations and societies of a very dangerous type at work. The Council for the Preservation of Rural England and the National Trust are both plotting constantly to preserve things that would attract invaders, but they are, of course, entirely unsupported by the State and are discouraged with the full rigour of the law and should soon be stamped out.

So let us take courage and reflect that even now it is a matter of opinion as to whether anyone could be persuaded to enter this country, and that in another few years we shall have nothing to fear even from the most destructive air raid. Rather the reverse, in fact. Any alteration or construction carried out by high explosive to the face of our country will be a scintillating improvement—a state of affairs guaranteed to impair the morale of even the toughest invader.



"One look would send any enemy with a sense of beauty straight back"

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Road to Saarbruecken

By V. S. Pritchett

Almost anyone in the tawdry Court of the Second Empire is more interesting then the Prince Imperial, the youth on whom all the hopes of the "dynasty" were placed, and who, far from fulfilling them, lost his life in a soldier's muddle in the African bush. So it is for the background, the Emperor and Eugénie once more, and not for the subject, that one reads Mrs. Katherine John's *Prince Imperial* (Putnam; 10*s.* 6*d.*). Excellent caustic stuff this is. She does make something of the wooden-soldier Prince; he arouses one's pity. But it was easier to draw the Emperor with his drugged stare, his chain-smoking, and his twiddling fingers, easier to catch Mlle. de Montijo transforming herself into the Empress Eugénie, taking lessons in royal deportment from an actress, and flying into her Spanish tantrums, than to show how the poor, bored, pathetic, clockwork Prince Imperial became the irresponsible youth who charmed and worried the lives out of the English escort who let him down in Africa. Boredom, "the disease of princes," was fixed upon him in the cradle. With the fatuous pomp of a very rocky majesty, his parents awarded him the Legion of Honour and placed the military medal on his stomach two days after birth, when he lay lost in his monstrous cradle. They enrolled him in the Grenadier Guards; at eighteen months he had busby and uniform, and at three his epaulettes. So was he conditioned for that theatrical soldiering which took his father to Sedan and himself to a native ambush.

The real actors are Napoleon and Eugénie. Mrs. John is sharp, ironical and just with them. Europe grinned maliciously. Of Napoleon with his diseases and his *petites distractions*, they said, "he is not the son of his father, and everyone else is the son of his mother." But his heart had a goodness which was beyond the comprehension of the French Court, and his devotion to the Prince and the Prince's devotion to him, are the real things among some awful play acting. Again one is divided between one's detestation of Eugénie's hysterical push and her Spanish weakness for plots, and one's admiration of her courage. Mrs. John shows it in action in that famous flight across the Channel in one of the worst Channel storms. I wish she had told at length the full story of Eugénie's escape from the Tuileries to the embarrassed but determined arms of Mr. Evans, the American dentist. It is one of the best escape stories which royalty has ever provided.

I am one of those who prefer flavour to glamour in history, and in extracting flavours Mrs. John has the proper subtlety. There is a curious parallel in the Franco-Prussian War. It was one of those wars which, born in indignation and affront, seemed reluctant to begin. It started in a "paroxysm of diffidence" — at Saarbruecken. The French, to their own astonishment, just walked in there almost unresisted. To their greater astonishment, they ran back. It is interesting to compare war rumours. The great rumour which everyone in Paris believed was that the French army had filled the wine-cellars of the Champagne with explosives and had blown up the entire German force as it crossed. To add conviction the rumour said that the German soldiery had been disastrously cut by the flying glass of the wine bottles!

What happens in a nice English middle-class family when the nice, fair, blue-eyed son takes up with a not very nice girl and murders her? This is the starting-point of Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke's investigations in *Same Way Home* (Jarrolds; 8*s.* 6*d.*). The Colonel is a nice, worried Colonel who prefers worrying to facing things, clinging to his simple code, and being merely more emphatic in a crisis. (After all, we were all at school together.) His wife, under an air of kindly, dreaming fatuity—novelists are running a special line in absent-minded mothers these days, I notice—has to manage the main problems of life; not murder so far, but laundries and servants which are useful training. Their children—well, nature and the ex-new frankness play ducks and drakes with the children of Colonels. The rain falls upon the just and the unjust. Mabel marries "an actor feller." Olive, fresh (or not so fresh, according to taste) from Havelock Ellis, Freud, etc., can be relied on for untimely biology, and is experimenting with the chauffeur; Lena is puzzled by an intellectual; Margaret, who squints, has got revivalist religion, which is not very nice, indeed, not at all nice, because she has got it in the company of the local newsagent. Finally, Geoffrey. He is the one who, while they are all conveniently playing murder one Christmas Eve, puts an extra pressure of the thumb upon his mistress's windpipe, and has to see the police about it. All of these portraits are done with versatility and are cleverly differentiated. There are no duplications, and Mr. Croft-Cooke's abilities as a story-teller are high. He is one of those keen, careless, talkative writers with a little to say about everything; and if you are bounced into accepting the excessively neat murder itself, if you are as "interested" in murder as they appear to be in the Colonel's Purley, this is escape entertainment which does not insult the intelligence.

Sir Hugh Walpole's *The Sea Tower* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*), belongs to the *Captain Nicholas* department. It is romantic, of course, a well sign-posted and bustling road into the sinister by an expert. This, for me, is Sir Hugh's more attractive country. The marionettes wobble on their wires, but he knows how to work them through their horrid and high-coloured destiny. At his best he gets a really chill villainy; at his second-best, which occurs when conscience leads the villains to confess all in Iago-like asides to the audience, he arouses affection. Bessie Fields is a dominating monster who drains the life of her son, tries to break his pretty wife, and rules everyone. Despite the theatrical presentation, her lineaments are clear and credible. She knows she is a Jekyll and Hyde and despises her victims, and the peculiar malignity of this mild, straight little figure is properly rooted in one of those distorted childhoods Sir Hugh knows how to describe.

There is a good deal about the theatre in Mr. Ed. Knoblock's memoirs, *Round the Room* (Chapman and Hall; 12*s.* 6*d.*). Arnold Bennett is there, of course, in Fontainebleau, economically putting his trousers under the mattress at night and turning the hose on Mr. Knoblock during the hot summer while they collaborate on a play. There is picture-collecting with its furious little dramas, its fakes and its day-dreams. Mr. Knoblock has an amusing one about his Shakespeare portrait. Then comes the Secret Service during the war with Mr. Compton Mackenzie and the Greeks—"Topping old fish"—does that bring it back?—and as Mr. Knoblock says, the younger generation simply don't realise how the war disorganised everything—food, the posts, why, even lighting.

Government Best-Seller

H.M. Stationery Office in Kingsway had the unusual, but not unknown, experience of selling a Blue Book out the week-end before last. The publication of documents relating to the outbreak of war, enlivened with a vivid commentary by Sir Nevile Henderson on the events of the last days of peace, proved such an attraction that after the first edition ran out would-be purchasers addressed envelopes to themselves for copies of the next printing (as above)

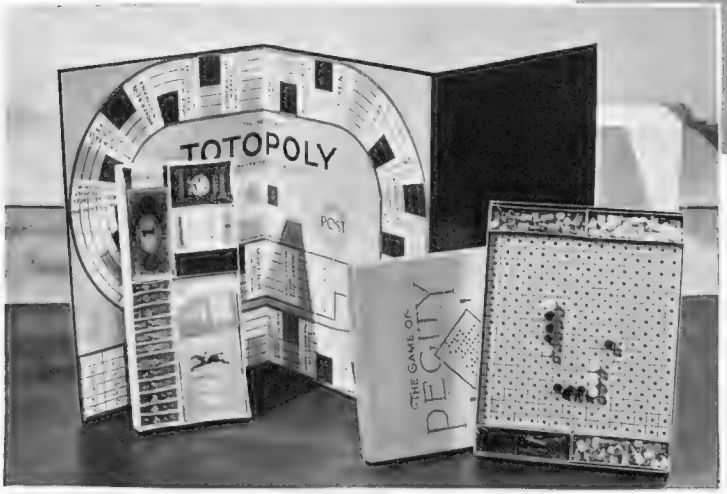
Inside Information

Stay at Home— and Like It

ACCESSORIES are adapting themselves. Button-hole flowers shine with luminous paint, handbags are white for the black-out, and specially comfortable shoes have been designed for weary wardens. Jumpers and cardigans are practical, but by no means dull. Really good wool is more important than ever, so look for Braemar cashmeres like the twin set above. Soft as feathers, but made to stand months of hard wear, these jumpers and cardigans can be chosen in various colours. Try a lichen-green jumper with a moss-green cardigan, or turquoise-blue with pale cedar. Write to Innes Henderson, of Hawick, if you have any difficulty in finding Braemar models

READY for the Raids, or the Song the Sirens Sang—sub-titles for this "Siren Suit" from Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. In a warm woollen material, it only takes a minute to fasten and is a grand insurance against draughts in the shelter. Four roomy pockets hold your torch, chocolate, flask, and so on, and there is even a gas-mask container in the same material, made to slip into the belt. It costs 59s. 6d. in several colours, navy or nigger if you feel practical, violet, wine or saxe when you want to be gay. For jobs in the house and garden they have a boiler-suit for 25s. 9d., waterproof and really hard-wearing, with buttoned-up pockets and long sleeves

Scott Bushe



PLAYING games—the sort of games that we all enjoy at Christmas and then forget till next year—is an excellent way of making blacked-out evenings more amusing. A few seasons ago we all speculated in housing and hotels when we played "Monopoly." Now the same manufacturers have given us racing stables to manage in "Totopoly," equally amusing and not quite so complicated. For less intellectual moments Harrods of Knightsbridge, who seem to have every sort of game one could possibly want, suggest "Pegity," a pleasant three-in-a-row game which is rather more difficult than it looks. And if you want skill without chance, try their shilling puzzles. One person can play with them alone, or they make maddening competitions

Mr. Cribbage

Mrs. Sylvester James *Lady Anning*

Mrs. Jack Chrichton

The Wedding of the Jackal

"When the rain falls and the sun shines at the same time, that is called the Wedding of the Jackal."

A Series by Peter Traill

No. 5. "Nowhere for the Nonce"

MR. CRIBBAGE stood under the stone canopy of the Ritz Hotel; he had just had a glass of sherry and was gazing idly across Piccadilly when a car pulled out of the traffic to stop against the kerb.

"What are you thinking about?" It was Mrs. Jack Chrichton, looking altogether too cool to be human, who asked the question.

"That one hot day doesn't make a summer."

She commanded him to jump in, and Mr. Cribbage, complying with her order in leisurely fashion, shut the door as she set off down the hill.

"Where are you going?" he asked her.

"Nowhere."

Mr. Cribbage leaned back. "That 's all right then," he said. "What 's your idea of nowhere?"

"Just space, I suppose. What 's yours?"

"Somewhere no one else is. This island 's getting so crowded, solitude 's a thing of the past."

"Shall I drive you to a peak in Darien? Or do you know a place a little nearer?"

Mr. Cribbage considered her a moment, and what he saw satisfied him. "I do; you can keep straight on for the nonce."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton stole a glance at him. "I think I 'd do anything for the nonce," she said. "He sounds like a papal legate."

"He 's a very extraordinary fellow; a measure of time which has no limit, except that he is short."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton narrowly missed an island but, undeterred, put her foot down on the accelerator.

"I suppose you can have a long nonce," she said.

"No one has had one yet; but that 's neither here nor there."

"Neither here nor there is nowhere."

"Then we 'll go nowhere for a long nonce."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton continued to drive westward, and Mr. Cribbage continued to lean back until they reached the Great West Road, when he motioned her to stop. She pulled up the car and held out her hand for a cigarette.

"You might not think it, but I have a luncheon engagement," she said.

Mr. Cribbage handed her his case. "Engagements are made to be broken, as the big-business man said to his secretary when he took back his solitaire diamond ring." He looked at her hand. "Talking of engagements and marriages," he began, and she hastily handed him back his case.

"I wasn't," she said, taking her lighter from her bag and lighting her cigarette.

"You mentioned the word first; you used to have quite an expensive bauble on your middle finger; there was, also, a platinum wedding ring."

"Married women have a way of wearing them."

"That 's one of the things my mother taught me. What she didn't teach me is when they cease to wear them." Mrs. Jack Chrichton smoked hard, and looked at the stream of traffic which left them severely alone as it flew past them towards the west.

"When one has no further use for them," she said at length. Ever since her husband had retired to the club and become proficient at snooker, Mr. Cribbage had known that all was far from well between Prudence and him; nevertheless, he had not expected anything quite so downright as this so soon.

"You mustn't be bitter," he said a little sententiously.

Her blue eyes hard as modern stained-glass windows, and her small chin thrust out, she denied all thoughts of bitterness.

"I am not blaming him; he can do as he likes."

"I don't think perhaps he altogether——"

"For heaven's sake, don't say he didn't understand me!"

Mr. Cribbage sighed. "I wasn't going to," he replied patiently.

(Concluded on page 32)

Lilian and the Leopard

How a Film Star and a Cat Made Friends

Lilian Harvey, lively, tri-lingual star, who is still remembered here for *Congress Dances*, has by no means been submerged in the European set-to. Though she wept when she left Germany, she is now installed in Paris, and has at once gravitated to the film studio world. Jean Boyer's *Serenade* is the picture she is making, and one of her co-stars in this is a leopard. She was taken to the Paris Zoo to meet the beast by Teddy Michaud, an impresario who is responsible for supplying all kinds of animals for all kinds of films in Paris, and supervises their behaviour on the set. First she was a little uncertain (left), but soon gained confidence

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Carrying On

After the first feverish rush of the opening fortnight, the women golfers, like everyone else, are settling down into their stride. A.R.P. and A.F.S. no longer spend twenty-four hours on their feet or ten days in their clothes—with or without intervals for de-griming. There is less positive pride in seeing how uncomfortable you can be and still keep cheerful, because we are realising that greater moderation and such comfort as may prove feasible, do make for greater, not less efficiency, and thus give better grounds for being cheerful.

Golf is going to play its humble part in the scheme of things. A fair number of clubs will do as Birkdale are doing, keep the monthly medals going, but no other competitions.

Meanwhile, the pressing thought is how to keep courses themselves in reasonably good order. Burhill are working out a splendid scheme of co-operation by which the members themselves will take charge of greens and fairways; they have asked for volunteers to drive mowing machines, both motor and otherwise, and the week-ends are expected to be moments of special activity. If next-door neighbours traditionally squabble over borrowed mowers, whilst their wives wax catty over the respective borders, the matter will rise to greater acidity, and assume even patriotic complexions, if A leaves the small motor mower at the fifteenth green, which is near her house, while she runs in to put the dinner in the hay-box, whilst B is ramping to use it on the first, and C, who fancies herself as a mechanic, is convinced neither should run it another yard till she has cleaned the sparking plug. And if, depressed by pool petrol and amateur handling, even that attention fails to make the motor function smoothly, will not everybody be able to blame somebody else?

Motor mowers, now one comes to think of it, are a comparatively modern innovation. I suppose that it was the old-fashioned one-woman-power machine that Mrs. Hugh Heppel and the late Mrs. Paravicini manipulated on the Sunningdale greens in the last war. Miss Mollie Griffiths and Miss Joan Cheney, as they were then, being too young to nurse, volunteered for a job of war work on the course. Very well and thoroughly they did it, so well that the club made them both honorary life members as a return. Mrs. Heppel, so far as I know, grumbles no more and no less nowadays than other golfers if greens come short of perfection, so we need not expect that Burhill golfers will end the war either indulgent of green-keeping errors, or over-critical of them. No doubt we shall all have to put up with a lower standard, for sheer lack of money to do anything else, but our golf need not be any the worse for that.

Miss Jessie Anderson who has one Girls', one New Zealand, one Open and two Scottish Championships to her credit, is now an ambulance driver at Perth, observing with heartfelt truth which many another will echo, that any private car will seem child's play after what she is driving now. For "wee Jessie," the affectionate title that she will never outgrow, the big 'bus indeed sounds a handful, but nobody doubts her efficiency at its wheel, and there is not a golfer in either hemisphere who will not wish the very best of luck and happiness to her and her fiancé, Mr. George Valentine. He got his commission in the R.A.S.C. a couple of months ago.

Nicknames do stick in the golfing world. Surrey persist in calling their present captain, "Councillor Hill," because she once served them in that capacity on the L.G.U. Executive, and not only to distinguish her from Miss Julia Hill, their present hon. sec. The latter is on the land in Norfolk.

"Councillor" Winnie Hill is A.R.P.-ing in Guildford, where a tin hat and blue dungarees are her wear, a real bus fitted with stretchers her constant care, instead of the seven Surreyites whom she hoped by now to have seen win back the county shield. Very fit she looks on the strenuous life, though she was mobilised a few days before war, just as she was starting for a holiday in Scotland.

At North Berwick

Waiting to play on the North Berwick links were Miss Rowena Dutton and her mother, Mrs. Arthur Dutton, who is a sister of Sir Duncan Hay, Bt., and widow of the late Admiral the Hon. Arthur Dutton. The Peke's name is Foodah

Miss Betty Dix Perkin, who has been one of the giant-killers of the season, with Pam Barton and Lally Vagliano her most famous scalps, was another mobilised before September 3rd. She claims proudly that her hospital—we all grow possessive over our particular units—was the first in the field to deal exclusively with evacuees. There she and Mrs. Peel and other West Byfleet-ers coped with the visitors large and small. Now she is off on the W.R.A.F.'s latest and most hush-hush training, for the mere length of her back is all against her in the nursing service. Why, with her great height, she used at one time to hit a golf ball so gently was one of the world's problems, but this year coaching from Cox completely changed that, until she was actually making Mlle. Vagliano play the odd after most tee shots in their famous tussle in this year's French championship. The eagles that both shot in the concluding holes of that match were almost incredible.

From Golf Course to War Unit: Three Women in Uniform

Molly Gourlay (right), who won the last women's championship before the war—the Swedish in late August—is now a Quartermaster Sergeant in the Women's Transport Service at Aldershot. With her is Miss Arthur, a one-time "Bystander" Scottish Foursome competitor, now of the East Berks G.C.

Betty Dix-Perkin, victor of Pam Barton in this year's Surrey Championship, and of Lally Vagliano in the French, was a V.A.D. in the special evacuee hospital at Byfleet, is now doing W.R.A.F. training. She is seen with Demon, Parcel and Gertrude

Miss W. E. M. Hill had expected to be shepherding the Surrey county team, of which she is captain, to county finals at Ganton this week. Instead, she directs a fellow ambulance driver into position at Guildford's A.R.P. centre

Stage News:

Weddings, Rehearsals and the Passing of the Gaiety

Teddie St. Denis, *feminine lead of that irrepressible musical comedy "Me and My Girl," was married to Sergeant Pilot R. A. Clinton Holme, R.A.F., at Cheltenham, returned immediately to her part at the Victoria Palace. Her husband was thereupon introduced to and congratulated by the cast—here Lupino Lane shakes his hand, Mrs. Clinton Holme standing between them. The "Lambeth Walk" show is now playing at 1.45 and 4*

Jane Baxter, *officially Mrs. Dunfee—her first husband, Clive Dunfee, was killed racing at Brooklands in 1932—was married to Arthur Herbert Montgomery, R.A., the Scottish manager of the London branch of the Montreal Royal Trust Company, at St. George's, Hanover Square*

Mme. Alice Delysia *is to cement Anglo-French solidarity by activity on the London theatre front—she is rehearsing with Hugh Wakefield for a new comedy, "French for Love," which will be presented at the Richmond Theatre next month. Rehearsals were at His Majesty's, where this picture was taken*

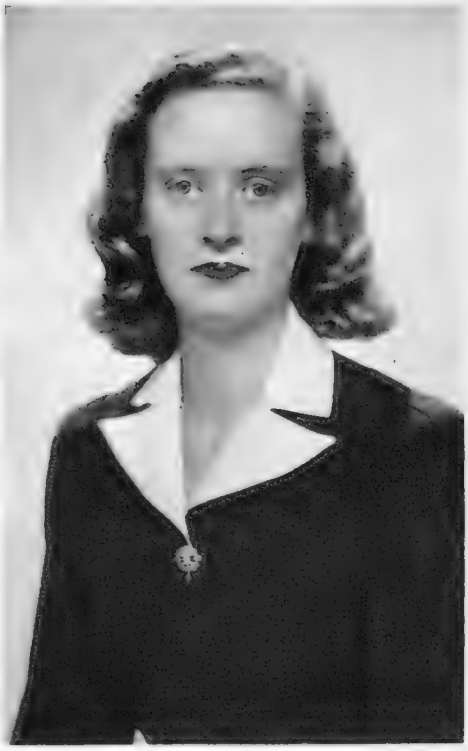
The Gaiety Theatre, *most famous home of musical comedy, which reached its peak of fame during the war to end war, is in the course of breaking up during this war. Last week saw the auction sale of effects, among which were framed bills of past productions: among those displayed in this picture are many names of shows that warmed the hearts of all ranks, 1914-18—for instance, "The Shop Girl," "The Betrothal," "The Beauty Spot"*

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Lenare

Mrs. Roland Hunt

Pauline Garnett and Roland Hunt were married at University Church, Oxford. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Hunt, of 180, Woodstock Rd., Oxford, has a job in Madras. She is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Maxwell Garnett, of 37, Park Town, Oxford, and granddaughter of Sir Edward Poulton



Lenare

Mrs. Michael Smiley

Lavinia Pearson, daughter of the Hon. Clive and Mrs. Pearson, of Parham Park, Pulborough, Sussex, and 32, Grosvenor Square, W.1, and cousin of Viscount Cowdray, married Captain Michael Smiley at St. Peter's, Parham, on September 15th. He is the only son of the late Captain Hubert Smiley, and Mrs. Denton Carlisle, of Shopwyke House, Chichester

Catherine Bell

Mrs. Thomas Willes

Margaret Georgina Wakefield-Saunders and Thomas Vincent Windham Willes announced their engagement on Sept. 15th, were married a week later. He is the son of the late Capt. A. S. Willes, and Mrs. Willes, of the Manor House, Upper Slaughter, Glos. She is the daughter of Capt. and Mrs. A. M. Wakefield-Saunders, of Eastry House, Eastry, Kent

Catherine Bell

Mrs. L. C. Twelvetrees

Catherine Du Parcq, younger daughter of Lord Justice Du Parcq and Lady Du Parcq, of 4, Whitehall Court, S.W.1, married Leslie Clyde Twelvetrees early in September. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Twelvetrees, of Dublin. Both her father and mother come from Jersey

Pearl Freeman

Mrs. John Cleeve

Cynthia Cook and Major John Cleeve brought forward their wedding owing to the war. He is the son of the late Major-General W. F. Cleeve, of Ty-Gwyn, Abergavenny, is a well-known show jumper, has won the King's and Prince of Wales's Cups at the Royal Tournament. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. H. P. Cooke, of Great Copse House, Eversley, Hants.

Harrods

Mrs. E. T. Greene Kelly

Loraine Dickson married Edward Trenchard Greene Kelly at St. James's, Piccadilly, on September 13th. She is the youngest daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. G. B. Dickson, of the Crossways, Newbury, Berks. He is the elder son of the late Sir Henry Greene Kelly, and Lady Greene Kelly, of Wolverton, Dorset

Yevonde

Mrs. Glincairn Campbell

Charmian Cecil de Vere Brinton and Col. W. G. Glincairn Campbell were married in September. He was formerly in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, commanded the 1st Battalion Royal Norfolk Regiment, is now on the Staff in Palestine. Her father was a former Mayor of Kidderminster, her uncle, Lieut.-Col. J. C. Brinton, was Silver Stick in Waiting to King George V.

Gillington — Magan

Captain John Herbert Gillington, R.E., only son of the late G. M. Gillington, and Mrs. Gillington, of Gurnard, I.O.W., and Maureen Magan, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. T. S. Magan, of Killyon Manor, Hill-of-Down, Co. Meath, Ireland, were married at the Parish Church, Brayton (Selby)

Whittaker — Threlfall

Captain Charles Whittaker, East Yorkshire Regiment, son of Colonel Whittaker, of St. John's Wood Court, N.W.8, married Sheilah Threlfall at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Dunblane, Perthshire. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Threlfall, of Kensington Palace Mansions, W.

Stirling — Carew

Hugh Richard Stirling, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Stirling, of Kenilworth, Ascot, Berks., and Zia Carew, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Palk Carew, Bt., and Mrs. H. B. C. Yeomans, of Planners Farm, near Bracknell, Berks., were married at Waltham Abbey, Herts.

Hubbard — Branch

Thomas Edward Hubbard, son of Captain and Mrs. Hubbard, of the Cottage, Goodwood, Chichester, and Bridget Joan Branch, daughter of the late C. C. Branch, O.B.E., and Mrs. Branch, of 5, Hyde Park Square, W., were married at Boxgrove Priory, Winchester

Lamb — Elgar

Lieut. Charles Bentall Lamb, Fleet Air Arm, a survivor of the Courageous, and only son of the Rev. A. and Mrs. Lamb, of Somerton, Somerset, married Josephine Frances Elgar, at Charlton All Saints, near Salisbury. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Elgar, of Charlton All Saints

Finney — Bell

At St. Columba's, Pont Street, Alfred Douglas Finney, only son of the late Sir Stephen Finney, C.I.E., and Lady Finney, of 11, Fyfield Road, Oxford, married Marjorie Alison Bell, daughter of the late Sir John Bell and Lady Bell, of Coombe Edge, Windlesham, Surrey

Fletcher — Bower

It was a Dorsetshire wedding at Child Okeford between John Fletcher, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Cyril Fletcher, of Child Okeford, and Cicely Bower, only daughter of Canon Charles Bower and the late Mrs. Bower, of Chisel House, Child Okeford

Halsey — Arbuthnot

Guy Marsden Halsey, younger son of Canon Frederick and Mrs. Halsey, of Great Gaddesden Vicarage, Hemel Hempstead, and Juliet Arbuthnot, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. M. Arbuthnot, of Kingston Grange, Hitchin, Herts., were married at St. Ethelreda's, Hatfield

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Air Views of the Day

By Charles Ward

The Home Front

In the absence of news—or should I say, of the permission to tell some of the good things we know to be true—it seems opportune to review the trend of aviation in the light of experience during the last war. In 1914, flying was a dangerous sport and the most expected of it during the war was that it would provide a new means for locating the enemy. This function it fulfilled both over land and sea; in addition, the aeroplane was developed as a mobile gun-platform to destroy hostile aircraft and as a vehicle for the carriage of explosives in the form of bombs. On the technical side, developments were so rapid that aircraft, engine, armament and instrument scientists constantly overlapped. The net result from the point of view of efficiency in 1919 was that very few war types were suitable for civil use. Some years passed before the converted bomber ceased to be classed as an air liner. Not until 1927, when de Havillands put over the Moth, did private pilots have a safe and cheap aeroplane to fly. Twenty years elapsed before air transport became quite normal, and now it has ceased being normal in all those countries at war, and between many of the neutrals and their neighbours, whether at war or not.

The Trend of Progress

Every aircraft manufacturer in the opposing countries is hard at work to improve performance and production. The result must be the same as before. Speed combined with load-carrying capacity in the smallest possible space; quantity before quality. Civil aviation requires space for passengers and safety rather than speed. Its demand is for quality; nothing like the number of civil aircraft have ever been in use in normal times as there are military aircraft to-day. I do not mean that our fighters and bombers are poor in quality; quite the contrary is the case, but the standard of comfort and convenience must necessarily be lower than that demanded by a fare-paying passenger. What are the chances for us to develop civil types whilst war is in progress? The answer at the moment, with war only a few weeks old, is very few. It may be that the Dominion factories will take a hand, or that the war will end with everyone dependent on the United States for commercial and sporting types. I do not regard this as a bad thing, for the reason that America will remain always at peace with the Empire. On the other side of the Atlantic, flying has already gone ahead far more quickly than here at home. American aircraft shares are a very good investment to-day. Whether the Neutrality Act is modified or not, civil aviation will continue to move forward in the New World, and, at the end of the struggle, we shall have to buy American air liners as we have bought American cars in the past.

In America

Messages from New York state that American manufacturers of military aircraft have increased their production by fifteen per cent. within the past thirty days and are equipping their factories so as to be ready in six months to operate seven days a week, day and night, producing 1000 military aircraft a month. Apart from the resumption of British and French buying if the Neutrality Act is revised, the industry is counting on large orders from Latin America, made up of Service and civil types. Deliveries to those parts are already ahead of schedule. Between March 1940 and March 1941, the schedule calls for the production of air equipment to the value of £88,000,000. Figures quoted under the heading of "1938 and Current" are as follows: Passengers carried exceed 1,500,000, of whom 1,343,427 were domestic. This is illuminating comment on the hold which the airway has obtained over American travellers. Ten million pounds of express mail was carried. Nearly 75,000 miles of airway was operated for passengers and the number of miles flown for this purpose exceeded six hundred million. Three hundred and forty-six liners were in regular use. Some idea of production possibilities can be gathered from "U.S. Air Services, September." North American Aviation, Inc., completed 300 "basic combat aircraft" for Britain, 116 for France and 65 for other countries during the previous 12 months. During the past three years, over 2000 'planes of a general type have been delivered. Production is at the rate of 25 a week and has reached 8 a day on several occasions. Approximately 4000 people are employed for five days a week and the pay-roll is 500,000 dollars.

At Random

One comment to be heard on all sides after publication of the text of R.A.F. propaganda leaflets dropped over Germany, refers to the wording. These messages were drawn up by a Government department without submission to a committee of advertising experts, otherwise their appeal would have been more subtle and at the same time more direct. If propaganda is to be a feature, topping the bill, the Cabinet or the Air Council needs a Crawford or a Higham.

Hi! John

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N.C.C. 507L

Wartime Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

IT is early days yet to essay to predict the effect upon motoring of the present war.

There is no doubt that the Great War accelerated the progress of petrol-engine design to a phenomenal degree—largely through the ever-increasing needs of the flying services—and that this was reflected in the automobiles of 1920-21. If the present conflict should be a long one, it may even be that the internal-combustion engine as we know it to-day will become superseded by a different type of power unit altogether. At any rate, it is likely to give a fillip to Diesel-engine practice.

This lends additional interest to a communication which reached me recently from Hancock, Perkins, Ltd., of Peterborough, the English pioneers of this type of engine.

Although Dr. Diesel had quite a lot to do with the early development of the compression ignition engine, a Scotsman, called Akroyd Stuart, deserves the credit for the modern high-speed type of compression ignition engine. The name "compression ignition" explains the theory of the so-called Diesel cycle. The Perkins Diesel engine is of the 4-stroke type. In cycle it is similar to the more familiar modern petrol engine.

IN a Diesel engine a very high compression ratio is usual—something in the region of 16 to 1. As a result of this, the air becomes exceedingly hot. Fuel oil is sprayed into this hot air by means of a pump and an atomiser, and immediately on contact burning takes place, without the aid of any firing devices such as sparking-plugs or auxiliary heater-plugs.

The Diesel engine uses considerably less fuel for a given amount of work, when compared with the petrol engine or steam engine.

Marrying Into the Motoring World

Captain Calver Smallwood, R.F.A., married Margaret Bradley, artist daughter of Mr. Bradley, the motoring journalist, at Chelsea Old Church, and Sir Stenson Cooke, secretary of the Automobile Association, gave the bride away; he is here seen with Captain and Mrs. Smallwood and Lady Cooke. Mr. and Mrs. Bradley live at Bougival, Paris

In actual practice it is found that a Diesel engine uses approximately half the amount of fuel used by a petrol engine on similar types of work.

IN addition to the major characteristic of economy, the Diesel engine has numerous other advantages, when compared with a petrol engine.

To start with, it has no electrical components whatever—that is, with the exception of the starter-motor and dynamo. No distributor or coil or magneto or condensers or sparking-plugs are used. It can be argued, therefore, that a Diesel engine is considerably less complicated than a petrol engine, and consequently much more reliable, while presenting less interference to car radio.

A second advantage is that of torque, or turning effort, the Diesel engine torque varying very little throughout its whole speed range. Thus the engine pulls better at low speeds, and average speeds are higher, while there is less need for gear-changing on hills.

Owing to the higher compression ratio, the initial starting effort is greater than with a petrol engine. The Diesel engine will start immediately it is turned over sufficiently fast.

A further starting advantage is that owing to the fact that fuel is sprayed under pressure into each cylinder, the engine can give off its full power immediately. It does not require warming-up.

Fuel used with Diesel engines is non-volatile; it won't burn. The fire risk, therefore, is reduced considerably. Yet another advantage is the justifiable expectation of longer life from a Diesel engine, particularly from its valve mechanism. This is due to the fact that such engines use more heat in energy produced and, therefore, waste less, with the result that exhaust valves and guides do not get so hot as they do with petrol engines.

Another good point about Diesel engines is that their exhaust-gas is quite harmless.

IN answer to the very natural question, "If the Diesel engine is so much more efficient than a petrol engine, why is it only now being developed for private motor-cars?", it may be said that until now such engines have had certain disadvantages. Of these, weight, noise (i.e., Diesel knock) and general flexibility are three.

But it is claimed that these disadvantages have been very largely eradicated now; and if the war should necessitate the accelerated development of this type of unit, it may well be that when peace and sanity return the whole face of private motoring will be changed.

The Wedding of the Jackal

(Continued from page 24)

"I don't think perhaps he altogether appreciated you was to be my contribution; poor, I know, and all my own."

"There 's nothing much to appreciate."

"You 're the best judge of that," Mr. Cribbage answered her somewhat disconcertingly. "To me, of course, you lack the attack of—well, shall I say, Lady Anning?"

"Say anyone you like." Mrs. Jack Chrichton's chin shot out a little further.

"And you haven't got the airy inconsequence of—shall I say, Mrs. Sylvester James?"

"Who wants airy inconsequence? Whatever it means."

"You 'd be surprised at the number of people who prefer to be kept in the dark until long after the last moment about whether they are lunching, dining, or supping with her."

"Is that all they are kept in the dark about?" Mrs. Jack Chrichton asked savagely.

Mr. Cribbage shook his head sadly. "I begin to understand why Jack left you," he said.

"I 've known for a long time."

"What do you put it down to?"

"My perfect understanding of him. It 's a very dangerous thing for happiness when one person understands another thoroughly."

"Then all the prophets, sages, and whatnots have been wrong?"

"Of course they have; no one wants to be thoroughly understood. To appreciate someone and continue to do so you must always be discovering a fresh—" she hesitated for a word—"facet," she finished.

"And there was nothing new to find out about Jack?"

"Nothing."

"But surely you weren't an open book to him?"

"I hope not; in fact, I think he made a new discovery only yesterday."

Mr. Cribbage looked interested. "What was that?"

"That the wedding ring he thought was mine was really his. I sent it back, you see, and the engagement ring as well."

Mr. Cribbage stole a glance at her and saw that, smoking nervously, she was still gazing straight ahead.

"Lady Anning would never have done such a thing to Alec, and Mrs. Sylvester James would have addressed the parcel wrongly," he murmured.

"I made no mistake."

"Then you 're a single woman again; is that the idea?"

"That 's the idea; even if it isn't fact."

Mr. Cribbage sat up. "In that case, I must compromise you," he said.

Mrs. Jack Chrichton smiled for the first time that morning.

"I should hardly call the present position either of the car or of ourselves compromising," she answered.

"So long as we stay here. Twenty yards inside a new arterial road where we have been standing is nowhere. No one stops to speak to you, no one even pays any attention to you. It 's the only spot in England where this phenomenon takes place. But I also have a luncheon engagement."

"Who with?"

"Lady Anning."

Mrs. Jack Chrichton threw the end of her cigarette out of the window, switched on the engine, and turned the car. "I should hate you to be late for that," she said.

"So should I," he agreed heartily.

Driving him eastwards, she deposited him at Lady Anning's door without speaking, and Mr. Cribbage was not inclined to break the silence until he stood on the pavement, hat in hand, to say good-bye to her.

"You may be glad to know I found something unexpected about you this morning, so I still appreciate you," he said.

"What was that?" she asked.

"You 've had a smut on the side of your nose for a long nonce," he replied. He left her repairing the damage.

THE END.

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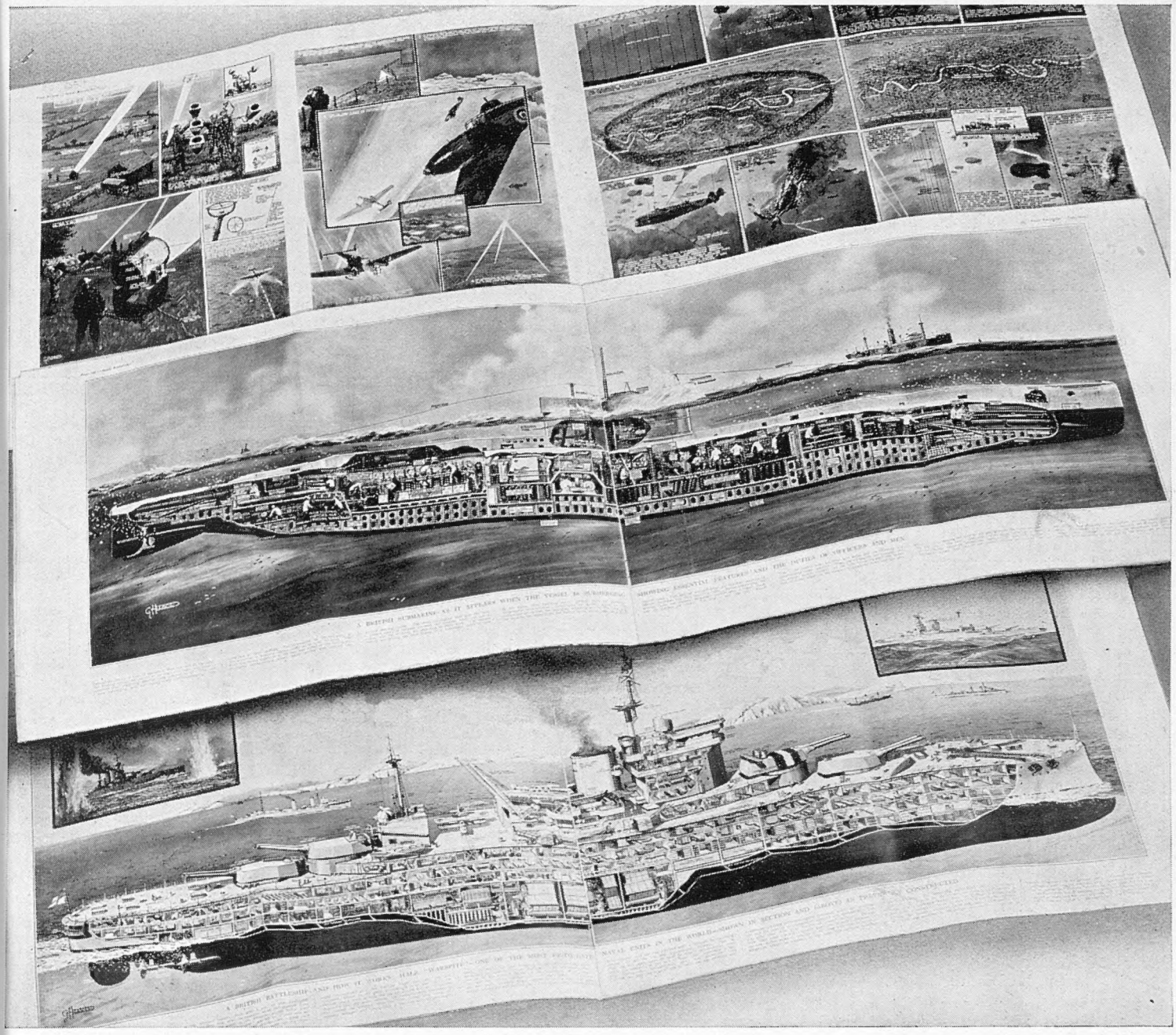

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. . . ONLY IN BRITANNIA & EVE DO YOU GET STORIES LIKE THESE

A TEMPTING subject which for lack of reliable references has for a long time been avoided by serious historians, is the seraglio of Constantinople. A great deal has been written about it, but the secrecy maintained in that impenetrable place makes it clear that legend constitutes a big part of the existing material.

A sudden stroke of good fortune has, however, brought to my attention a wealth of reference on that subject. I have come across an erudite narrative written by one signing herself Lady No. 10. Further inquiries have revealed that Lady No. 10 was one of the odalisques who evidently had occupied her leisure time in secretly writing of the life in the seraglio, recounting her contemporaries and her predecessors. She has most accurately described what she saw and learned in that golden prison to which could have been so appropriately applied that well-known line of Dante which runs: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

In what year this manuscript found its way out of the seraglio is not known, but it was first published in Milan as late as 1868. Let us look on that romantic world where life was keyed up to the most concentrated state of human feeling, where love, hatred, power, vanity, tenderness, tyranny and often madness intermingled with the horrors of hell and the delights of heaven.

Originally the seraglio was situated in the very centre of Constantinople, but towards the beginning of the sixteenth century Solyman II. removed it to an enchanting site on the seashore at the extreme end of the town. A great lover of beauty, Solyman built his seraglio with barbaric luxury, whilst adding the refinements imported from every part of the world, chiefly from Venice.

Within the precincts of this Garden of Eden there was accommodation for 5000 people, including the 2000 military guards that occupied the first court. The remaining 3000 was composed of the women of the Harem, the officials and the slaves in their varied capacities. Not one of these slaves was Turkish, they were all what was called children of tribute—that is to say, boys and girls specially chosen from amongst the people of vanquished nations. . . . *You 'll want to read all of this fine story of Rosselana, the kidnapped girl who became an Empress: written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I., in the series "Old Tales Retold."*

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